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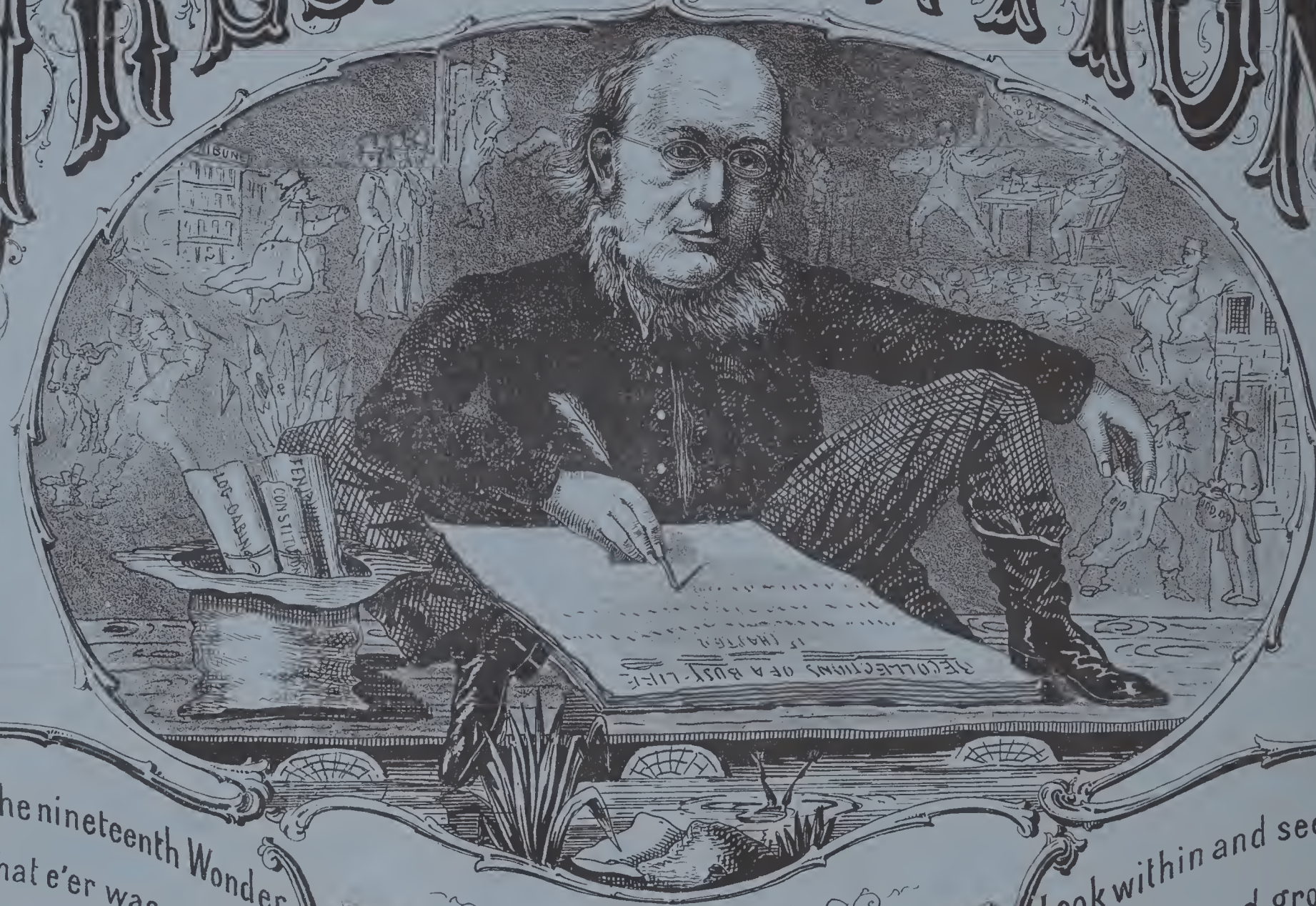
WEEK-LECTIONS



ould you view the nineteenth Wonder,
unniest thing that e'er was seen,
Skotchy-Irish, blood and thunder.....
GREELEY!" wearing of the green"?

OF A BUSY LIFE

Look within and see the critter,
Baby, boy and grown up man;
And if you're compelled to litter,
Be as sober as you can.

WRECK-ELECTION'S

OF

A

BUSY LIFE

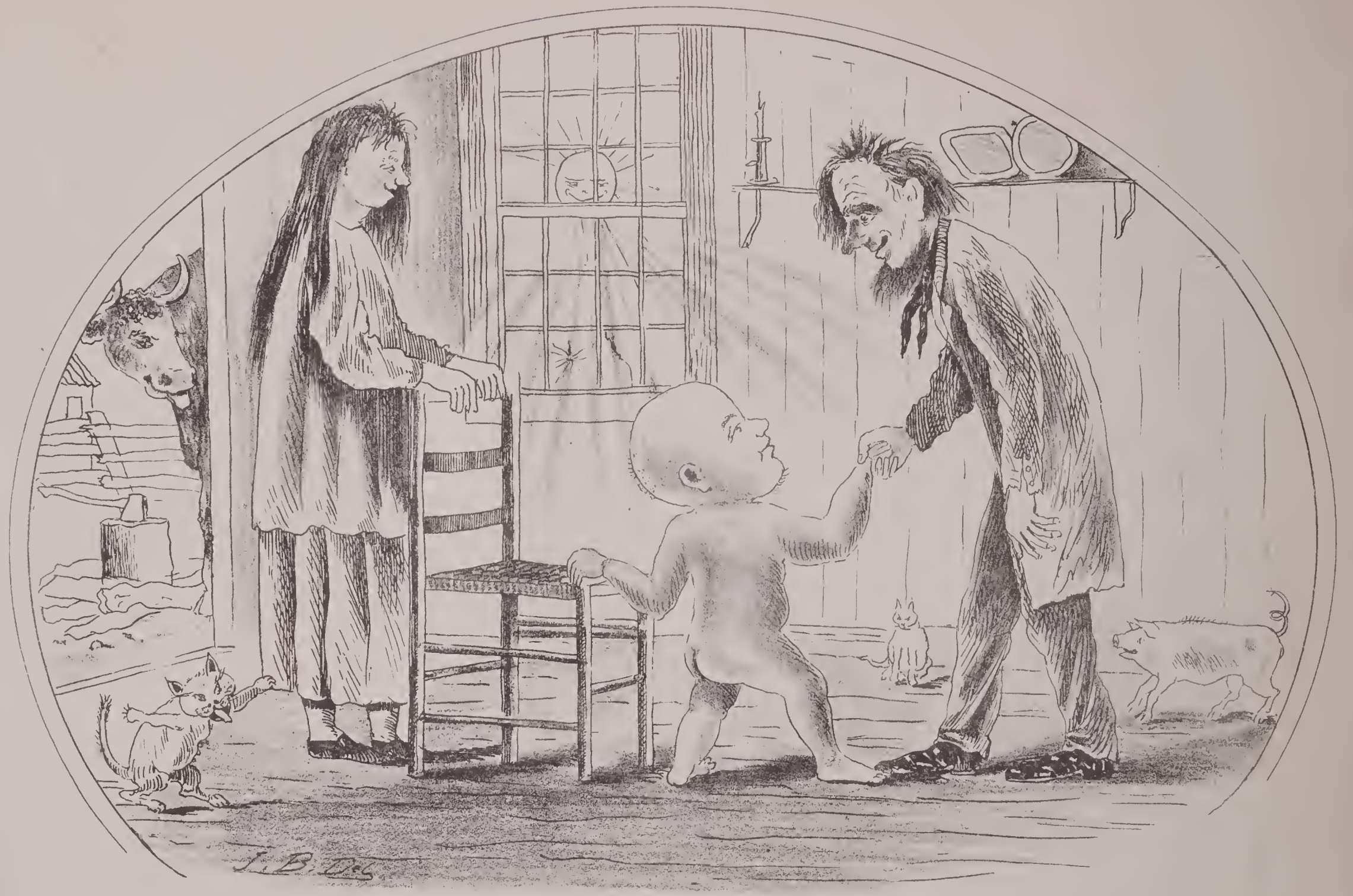
DESIGNED BY J. BOWKER.

blished By Kellogg & Bulkeley, ARTFORD CONN.

Sold by the American News C NEW YORK.

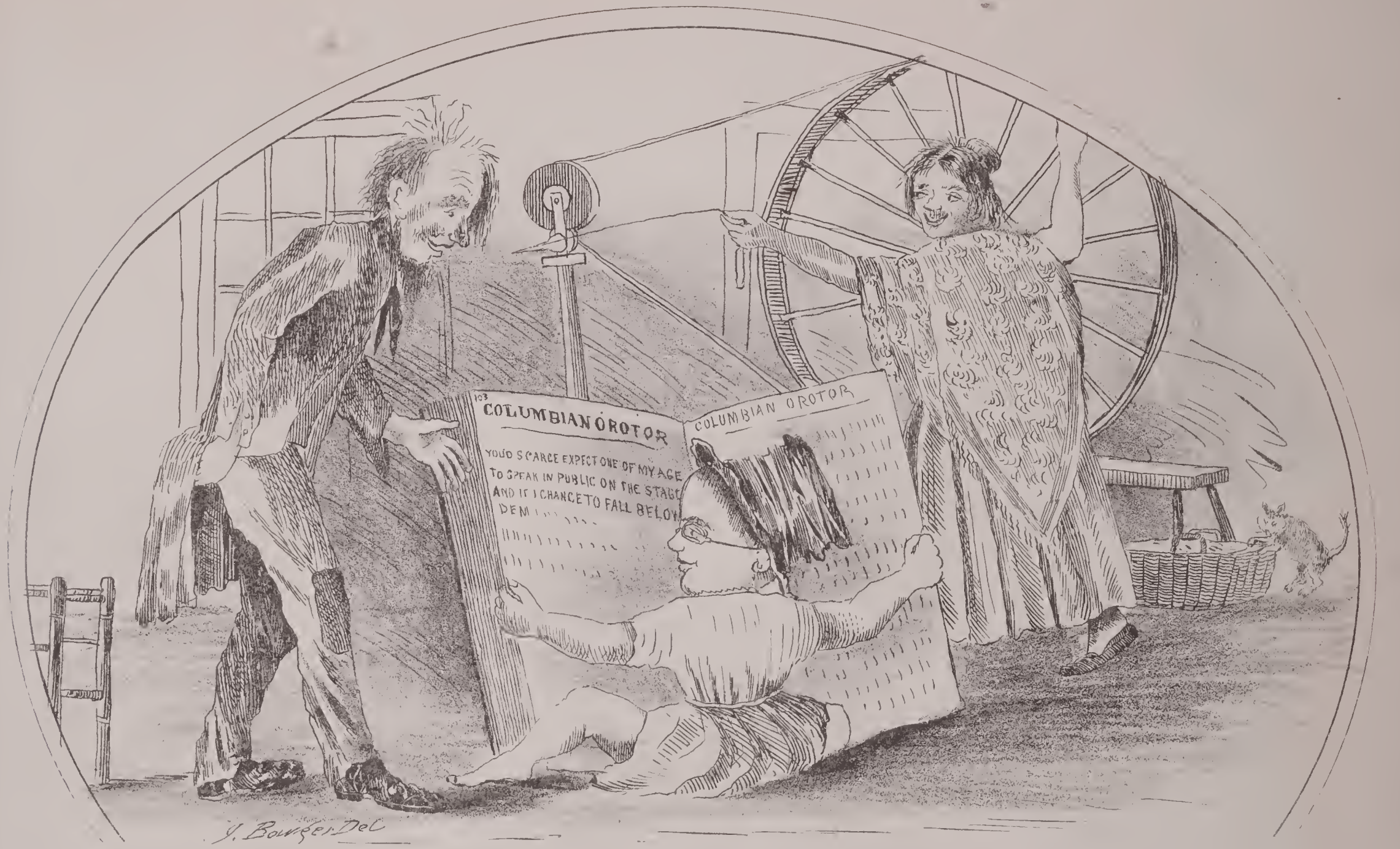
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN The Yr 1867, BY KELLOGG & BULKELEY, IN THE CLERKS OFFICE OF THE U.S. DIST COURT FOR THE DIST. OF CONN.

PREFACE.
Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this sketch of babe prodigious,
Whence this tale of boy precocious,
And this life of man stupendous,
With his wonderful achievements.....
I should answer, I should tell you
That this foe of Billy Seward,
Thurlow Weed, and all that's Weedy;
That this bailor of Jeff. Davis,
Tutelary of Sleeve-gammon,
Non-annexer of "Walrussia"
Tells, himself, this wondrous story;
Tells it in the "New York Ledger":
Seek ye there and find the details.



When I was born the neighbors said,
I was the likeliest babe of all;
And that they really were afraid,
I was too bright for one so small.

My countenance was smooth and fair,
My CHEEK was rather magnified;
My head was destitute of hair,
My eyes and ears were open wide.



And when I was three months of age,
I then so smart and sharp had grown—
That I could read or write a page,
Although I could not stand alone.

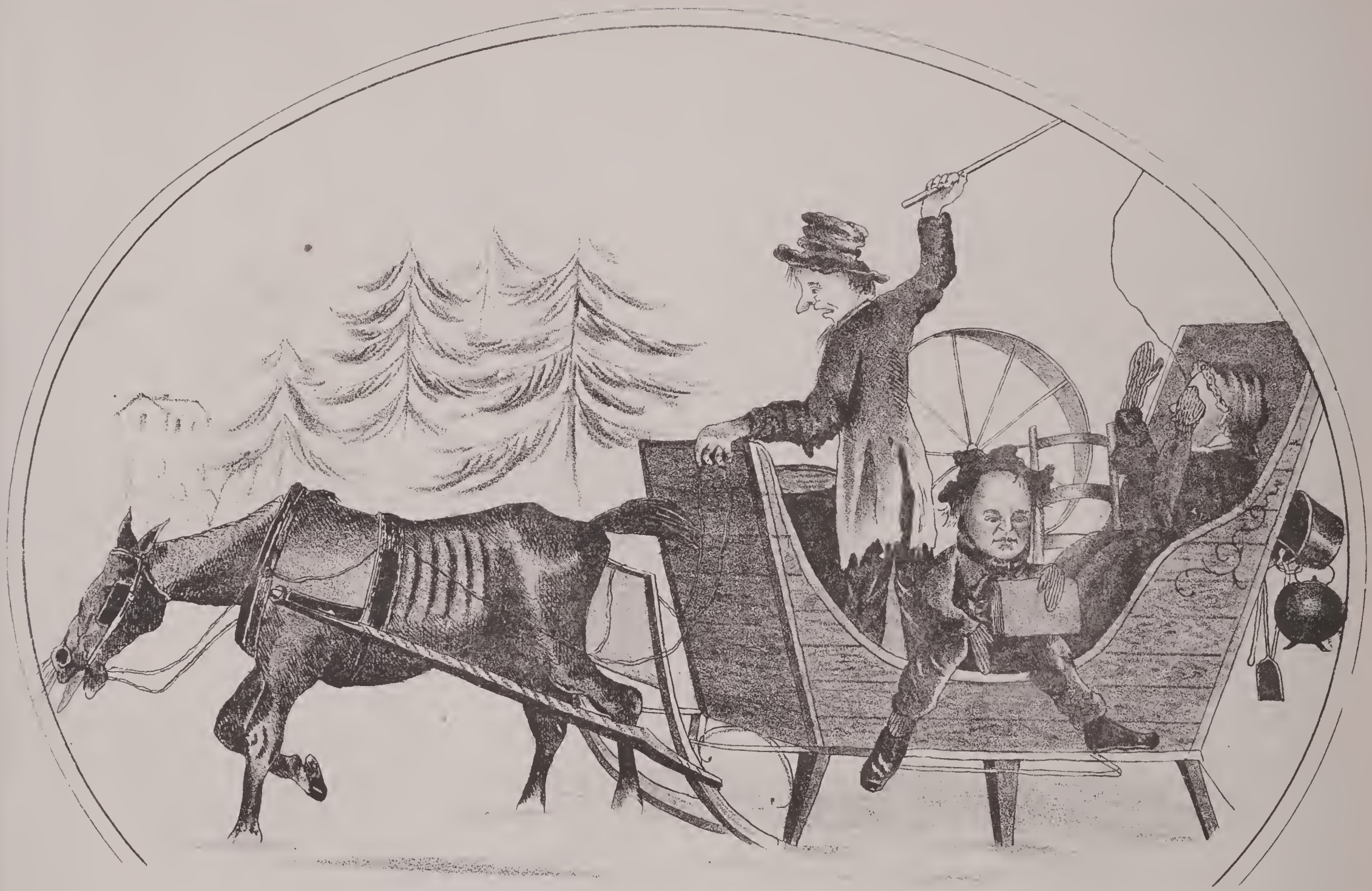
I knew whereof the world was made,
Could parse and cipher very well;
And even (so the people said)
When fast asleep could read and spell.

Again, when at the District School,
I was not long in finding out—
That Lindley Murray was a fool;
He knew not what he was about.

Among his faults I pitched upon,
I sometimes thought his very worst,
Was making "me" the THIRD person,
As well as making "him" the first.

When I had somewhat older grown,
The wise men of the Granite State
Proposed I should to college go,
And vowed they wouldn't wait.

But father said, and mother too,
They would not let me go away;
And spite of all my friends could do,
I was compelled at home to stay.



I left my friends, and all behind,
When but a boy of thirteen years;
And with my father, sought to find,
A fitting home mid wolves and bears.

We journeyed on with horse and sleigh,
The latter, of the ancient style;
And should you see that sleigh to-day—
Pray don't be rude enough to smile.

At Poultney, first I learned to print,
My father having brought me there,
And given the Editor the hint
Of my assured attainments rare.

'Twas there I learned the type to set—
Which set the village by the ears;
And then in fiercest struggle met
My enemies—with quills and shears.

To see my father oft I went,
While he in Pennsylvania dwelt;
And when upon my journey bent,
Some very sore afflictions felt.

Among the modes of travel then,
I think the dreadfulest of all—
Enough to try the best of men—
Was, taking passage by canawl.

To "work off" copies of our sheet,
(Northern Spectator was its name)
Dispensing it in every street,
And adding luster to its fame.

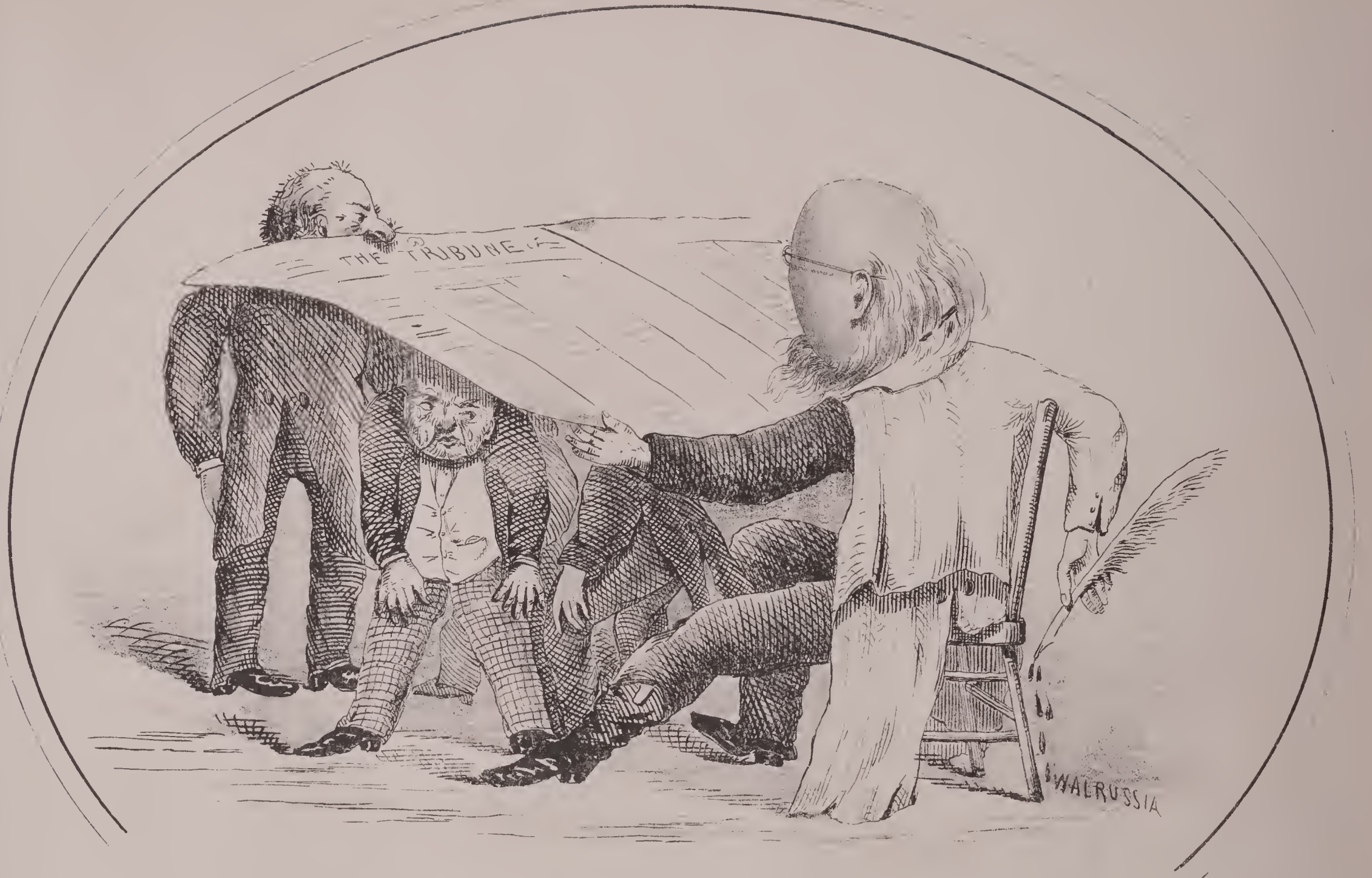
I soon became the smartest youth,
A fact which no one can deny:
And volunteered—to tell the truth—
(I ne'er was known to tell a lie.)

To New York next I went alone,
To seek some occupation fair;
But for awhile I found no one
To help me into business there.

The Gothamites were quite amazed,
And seemed to know not what they viewed.
The saucy boys oft stopped and gazed,
And frequently were pert and rude.

Then I was quite disconsolate,
I fancied all my hopes were gone;
But, though abandoned to my fate—
I still resolved to labor on.

After a time I thought to try
A publishing experiment:
But soon, alas! I know not why—
My paper to perdition went.



At last the TRIBUNE came; and straight
Huzza'd for Clay, its one Big Gun:
He failed: I struck my "nateral gait,"
And took the Nigger on the run.

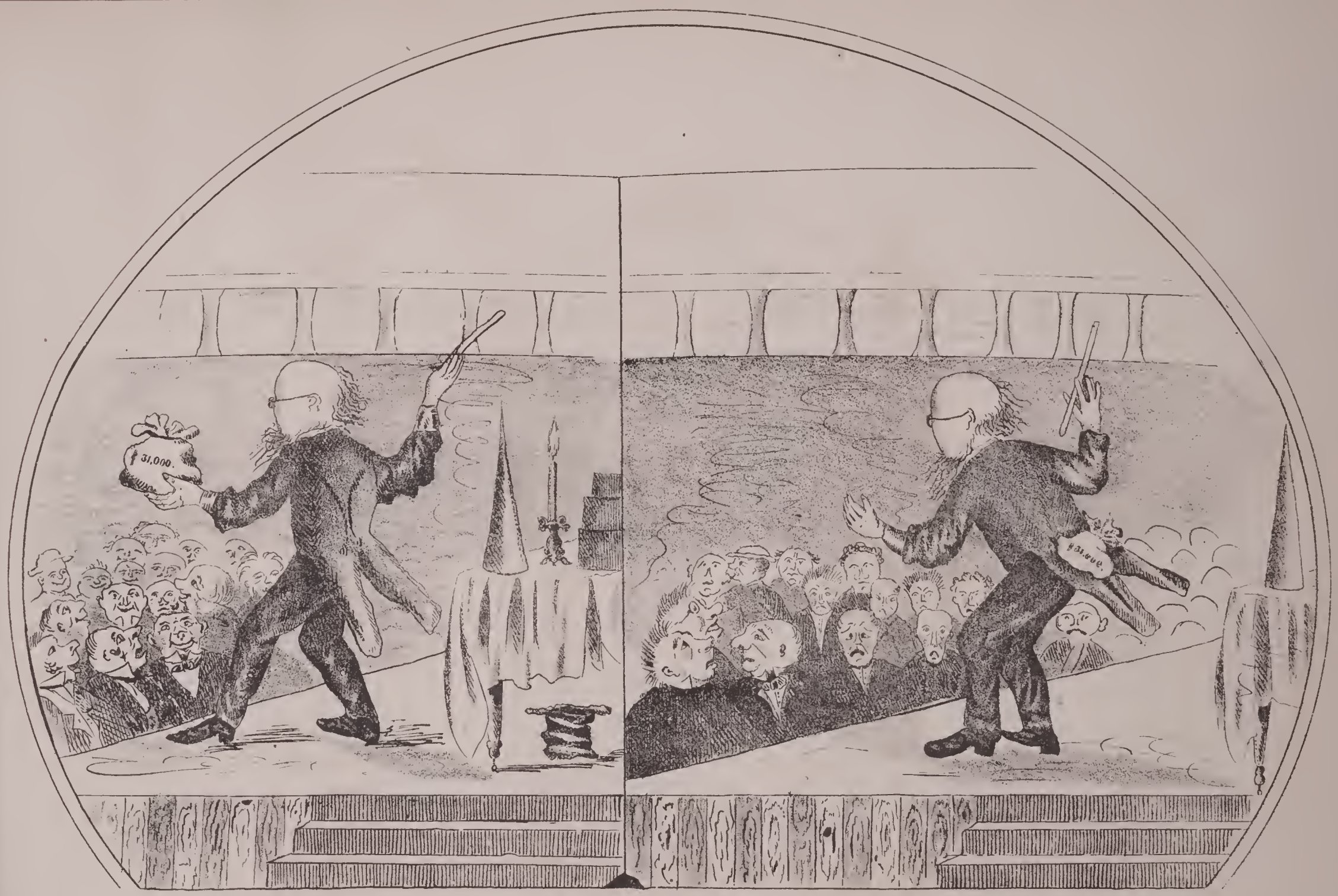
For him I helped poor Kansas "bleed"—
Then went disunion square and flat—
Told all the South they might secede—
Then punished them for doing THAT.

I raised the "On to Richmond" cry,
And goaded on Old Abe and Scott,—
I flung my old white hat on high,
And yelled the loudest, "keep it hot."

Bull Run resulted, curses came!
How could I have been such a dunce?
Upon my knees, in very shame,
I begged for mercy—"just this once!"

The war went on: my heart was stirred;
'Twas bloody work:—the war must cease!
So at Niagara I heard
The Rebel overtures for peace.

I heard and wept. I told Old Abe
(How at the thought one shrinks and squirms,)
And published it. (O what a babe!)
"We must have peace on any terms!"



And it espouses Ireland's cause,
Be she oppressed in war or peace;
Neutrality may have its laws,
The Tribune cares for none of these.

To Slievenamon's famished ones,
We sent our Stores of corn and bread;
We sent our gold to Erin's Sons---
Which others pocketed instead.

But then, sea-fishing, you must know,
Its merits I sometimes have tried ;
It always was my luck to go
Fishing at the wrong time of tide.

I 've often fished without much luck,
Nor knew what caused me such a fate,
Until one time upon my hook
I put an office, for a bait.

While to the Blacks we give their rights,
We should to Red men grant the same;
Nor vanquish them in bloody fights,
And thus our cruelty proclaim.

There's Skal-ly-wag, and Spotted Tail,
And Tum-tsche-cus and Little Bear;—
Do not their qualities assail—
They're good as white folks, anywhere.

In agricultural pursuits,
I 'm reaping labor's just reward ;
My farm, well stocked with grain and fruits,
Attests my skill in this regard.

I 've squashes, melons, pumpkins too—
Whatever grows on tree or vine ;
And should you seek the country through,
You 'll find no garden-sauce like mine.

I 'm not inclined to speechify,—
In oratory I 'm not blest;
Yet sometimes I essay to try
To win mankind to righteousness.

Sometimes I do myself exert
To convert men to my ideas;
Yet somehow I am not expert
At drollery, or drawing tears.

The Constitution's good enough,
So far as it agrees with me;
But I'll be bound by no such stuff,
Unless I find it policy.

At Albany I helped to frame
Our Constitution over new;
But ere the day of closing came,
From the Convention I withdrew.

Life's battles fight I with a will,
I speak my mind yet freely;
You'll find me at the Tribune still,—
Yours truly, Horace Greely.

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